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# LETTER

FROM

A Lady to her Husband  
Abroad.

(Price One Shilling.)

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# LETTER

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FROM A

## LADY to her HUSBAND Abroad.

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— *Sequar atris ignibus absens,  
Omnibus umbra locis adero. Dabis improbe pænas.*

VIRGIL. Æn. Lib. 4.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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## L E T T E R

F R O M

A L A D Y to her H U S B A N D, &amp;c.



O thee, dear Youth, in Sacred Wedlock ty'd,  
 Disown'd, forsook, a Widow and a Bride ;  
 Not suffer'd to lament, and disallow'd  
 That one sad Privilege of Widowhood ;  
 Let me disclose my Love, and speak my Fears,  
 And freely pour my long-forbidden Tears.  
 Anxious I tremble, lest in distant Lands,  
 Lest too obedient to your Sire's Commands,  
 Whilst from your faithful Confort torn, you rove,  
 This ill-meant Absence should efface your Love.

B

Say,

Say, have you still preserv'd your constant Heart,  
 From the *French* Flutt'ring and *Italian* Art ?  
 Does still this Face each foreign Fair out-shine ?  
 Does no forbidden Beauty rival mine ?  
 Does yet your Breast its wonted Flame retain ?  
 And is your *Father* guilty yet in vain ?  
 O ! that propitious Heaven would fix my Life  
 In barb'rous Climes a Captive, but a Wife,  
 By thee acknowledg'd, willing I'd remain,  
 Prisoner of Love, in *Italy* or *Spain* ;  
 Safe in thy Arms enjoy the smiling Days,  
 And oft transported, bless the happy Place ;  
 Happy whate'er its Government might prove,  
 Happy the Slaves in State, if free in Love.  
 But curst I mourn a Slave amidst the Free,  
 Born in the boasted Land of Liberty.  
 For me no Shield the Cobweb Laws appear,  
 I feel by proof that Tyranny is here.

T H O' Holy Rites that join'd our plighted Hands,  
 Confirm'd our Loves with everlasting Bands,  
 Still would your *arbitrary Sire* divide  
 Our Hearts, and doom thee to another Bride.  
 What frantick Aims distract his giddy View ?  
 Which Power Almighty would in vain pursue ;  
 Can he the past recall ? can he the done undo ?  
 Let Factions join th' Oppression to disclose,  
 And all my Friends be fir'd, and all my Foes ;  
 Each Lover speak, to aid a Lover's Sighs,  
 To save a Wife, let every Woman rise ;  
 Nor pent within this narrow Isle alone,  
 Wide as the World my History be known :  
 Where-e'er the *British Navy* spreads her Sails,  
 Bear it, ye Tides ; and whisper it, ye Gales ;  
 Ah ! who the dangerous Story dares reveal ?  
 'Tis Death to veil, it is but Death to tell.  
 My Father trembling, keeps the Tale unknown,  
 Nor for his Daughter's Life will risque his own ;

Left Villains Power should plotted Treason feign,  
 Or basely load him with a Felon's Chain :  
 Afresh my Wounds bleed at a Father's Name,  
 Weeping I blush, and pity whilst I blame.  
 Did he for this the drooping *Tyrant* save,  
 And raise to Health when dropping to the Grave ?  
 Is this the kind Reward, to be purf'd  
 To Chains, to Death, by Statemen's Gratitude ?  
 Or forc'd to deep Despair his Child to give,  
 His Darling Child, a curst Alternative.

T H E Great, too fond of their despotic Will,  
 The grave Distinctions mock of Good and Ill,  
 By vilest Guilt, their *Hellish* Ends ensure,  
 Nor start at any Crime but being Poor :  
 For conscious Heaven, no Reverence they show,  
 If safe from *Legal Witnesses* below ;  
 If Hope of Place can move, or Fear of Death ;  
 If Gold or Threatning stop the Tell-Tale Breath.

But me no Frown shall frighten to resign  
 The Heart, which spight of Interest shall be mine.  
 To barter Thee for Lucre I disdain,  
 Or stoop to sell, whom I would die to gain ;  
 The Candid Free my Conduct will approve,  
 My Fault is Virtue, for my Fault is Love.

LET him who dares in State *Tyrannick Sway*,  
 Make the Poor tremble, and the Rich obey ;  
 Let *Peace* or *War* submit to his Command ;  
 Let him at Pleasure *tax* the weary Land :  
 Enact, repeal, establish, or remove,  
 Take Lives or Freedom, every thing but Love.

IF Power by Breach of Marriage must be shewn,  
 Let him, to prove his Strength, dissolve his own ;  
 No mutual Loves their Hearts together bind,  
 Those virtuous Fetters have been long disjoin'd.

If mere Ambition disappointed tore  
 His fainting Breast, with Pangs unfelt before ;  
 With flatt'ring Tone support me, or I fall,  
 And forc'd the haughty Tongue for help to call :  
 O ! could he think what soror Pain attends  
 Despairing Lovers, and departed Friends ;  
 So might our Love-sick Anguish vanish soon,  
 Could but that *Heart* relent as well as swoon :  
 Fears the vain Man our Marriage should disgrace  
 The antient Arms of his illustrious Race ?  
 His Pride forgers, my Family is known,  
 If not so rich, as Gentle as his own.  
 Did e'er my Stem, so slighted though it be,  
 Produce a single Branch so black as He ?  
 Did e'er---but poor Reprizals I forbear,  
 And for the loyal Dead, the Living spare ;  
 Spare for thy sake ; yet, O ! had gracious Heaven,  
 To Worth like thine, some other *Parent* given,

Blest hadst thou lov'd like humble happy Swains,

Had purer Currents fill'd thy honest Veins ;

Had virtuous Blood in those dear Channels run,

O ! could Fate change it ;---but thou art his Son.

Tho' his by Nature's Bonds, by Right Divine.

Unshaken and Eternal, thou art mine ;

*Milton*, Rebellion's Advocate, in vain

Would set the Conscience free from Wedlock's Chain,

By quick Divorce when Nuptial Discord springs,

An Enemy to Love, as well as Kings :

In vain a *Sweet-tongu'd Oracle* of Laws,

Disgrac'd his Silver Pen in such a Cause ;

Whilst Pagan Precedents support his Dreams,

And Saints adorn his Patriarchal Schemes ;

Saints, in whose Footsteps he disdains to tread,

Except by taking Handmaids to his Bed.

IN vain a zealous Protestant pursues,  
 Unchristian Peer, the Privilege of Jews,  
 To disengage his Son from Bondage strives,  
 Or save him from a Wife by adding Wives ;  
 The Orphan's Plunder, and the Widow's Foe,  
 With more Success could equal Justice show.  
 When a weak Stranger saw with frighted Eye  
 Th' united Strength of Power and Policy,  
 By Bribes and Threats determin'd to forswear  
 Her Rank, her Fame, her Husband, and her Heir.  
 But Vows like ours mock the Divider's Art,  
 Thee, dear Possessor of my changeless Heart,  
 No Power on Earth shall tempt me to disown,  
 Nor the great *Woolpack*, nor the greater *Throne* :  
 No Power on Earth our Friendship ought to move,  
 Tho' merely founded on the Base of Love.

Love fix'd like ours, with Horror struck you hear  
 A *Fiend* incarnate whisp'ring to your Ear;  
 " A Second wed, nor give the former o'er,  
 " But while you drop the Consort, keep the Whore."  
 Can this the Counsel of a Father be?  
 How worthy Him! and how unworthy Thee!  
 Say we were yet unwed, should I submit,  
 To lay my Peace, my Virtue at his Feet?  
 Stoop to a Load of Infamy, content  
 With Harlot's Shame and Harlot's Settlement,  
 Embrace his loveless *Courtezans* for Hire,  
 O! could I bear it, or couldst thou desire?  
 But me, no Tongue shall *Prostitute* declare,  
 I leave that Title to another Fair;  
 Her whom your *Tyrant* Father would provide,  
 To join your perjur'd Hands, a seeming Bride.  
 Must then your Innocence and Bliss be sold,  
 To please his never-sated Thirst of Gold?

*Eliza boasts of Wealth a shining Store,*

*But hates the blooming Youth that I adore ;*

*In vain her Father threats the steady Maid .*

“ Shall I, with generous Anger, thus she said,

“ Allur’d by *ill-got Grandeur*, idle Charms,

“ Receive my Country’s *Enemy* to my Arms,

“ Draw on my Seed collective Curses down,

“ And pour a Nation’s Vengeance on my Son ?

“ Nor think too rash my fix’d Resolve appears,

“ Th’ Unexperience of my Seventeen Years ;

“ No, ’twas my Parents shew’d me not to bow,

“ And such as he was once, will I be now :

“ No Time shall alter my well-grounded Thought,

“ Or shake the Virtue that a Father taught,

“ E’er Vanity could yet his Reason blind,

“ Or soothing Flattery had bewitch’d his Mind :

“ Forbid it Heaven, shall I my Hand bestow,

“ To raise a barb’rous domineering Foe ?

" Shall I for him my Virgin Fame resign,  
 " And blot th' *Escutcheon* of my Father's Line,  
 " Yield up the Wealth my *Ancestors* have won,  
 " To shine the glorious *Strumpet* of his Son?"  
 Eliza spoke, and O! that fix'd as Fate,  
 May stand confirm'd her Everlasting Hate;  
 May some brave Youth with Well-tim'd Love conspire,  
 To save her from the Dotage of her Sire!  
 But ah! should there my Wishes fruitless prove,  
 As much alas! I fear, for much I love;  
 Where shall I hide this miserable Head,  
 Single, not free, without a Husband wed?  
 My ravish'd Blis must I for ever mourn?  
 Can Joy departed once have no Return?  
 That stingless Joy, which Lust can never taste,  
 Too great to tell, too exquisite to last:  
 Joy which the guilty Great can never try,  
 Which all your Father's Thousands cannot buy.

Eliza Boasts of her own Virtue, you said to I Haste "

IF wicked Power your fickle Faith constrain,

And all my Fence of Love and Law be vain:

Haste not to Guilt, Oh! stay a little, stay,

Till mould'ring Grief destroys this wretched Clay;

Then take my happier Rival to your Bed,

From Solemn Vows, how vainly solemn, freed;

Yet even then no Nuptial Joy display,

Let my sad Mem'ry cloud the gloomy Day;

With Sighs half-stifl'd meet th' appointed Hour,

And bow reluctant to the Tyrant's Power.

But soon stern Death shall drag the Wretch away,

From short-liv'd Dreams of Arbitrary Sway;

At Heaven's great Court of Judgment to appear,

Terribly just, immoveably severe:

That Court where our Records of Love are plac'd,

That last uncancel'd, and shall ever last,

To rule a Nation, and to bind the world.

No Venal Friends shall there support his Cause,  
Nor Fraud nor Faction break th' Eternal Laws :  
See flagrant Crimes stripp'd of their thin Disguise,  
With genuine Horror blast his Guilty Eyes ;  
Spectres of Power, and Wealth, and Time misus'd,  
Himself th' Accuser, and himself th' Accus'd ;  
And deep to plunge him in extreme Despair ;  
There too is ----- sad Ghost, and I am there.

F I N I S.



No Avail Friends will there support his Cause  
 Nor Fling out Legion speak up, Friends I saw:  
 See Honest Citizens rubbing off their skin Dignite  
 With genuine Honor play his Gallia Pages;  
 (S)he gets of Power, and *W*isht, and Time will say  
 Honest (if) Accuse, while (if) Accuse;  
 And need to bludge him in extreme Distress;  
 Peter too is ---- try Gony, and I am there.



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